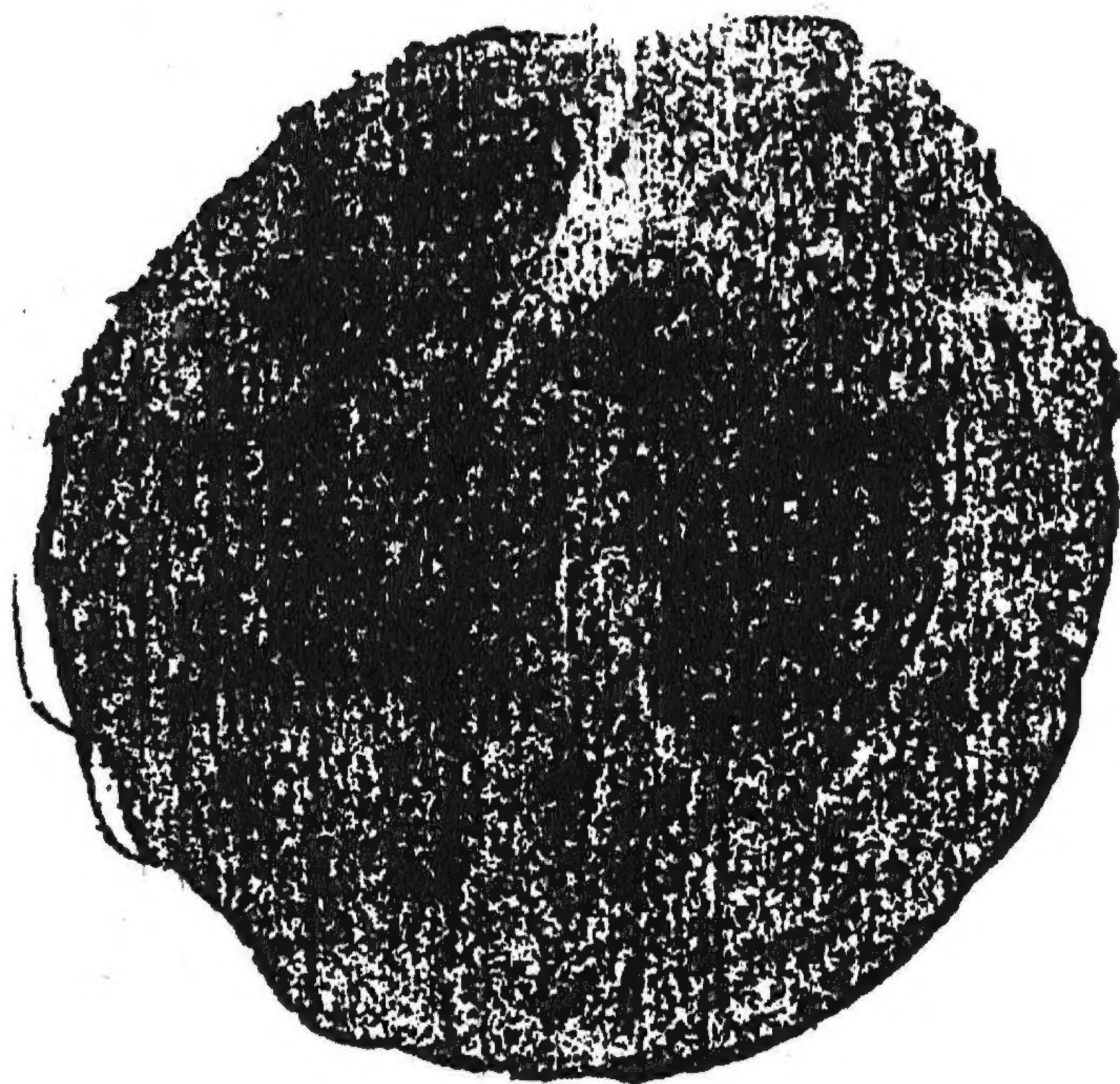


ORIGIN ISSUE

AND FORMED A CIRCLE.



A CELL IS BORN.

Raymond Pettibon

\$2



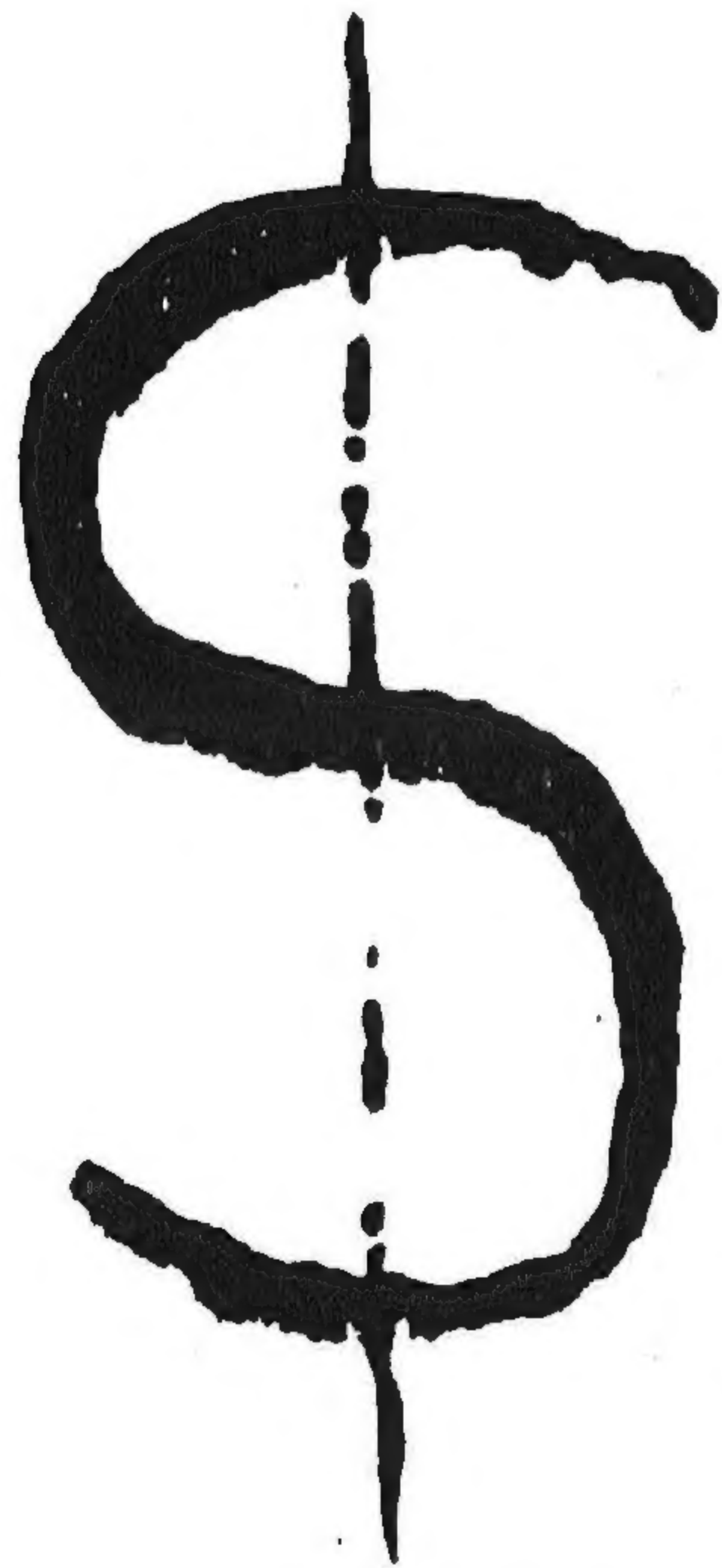
GIVE ME YOUR ARM! WE MUST
WALK EVENLY AND HEAVILY TONIGHT!

OBSERVE THAT HE ALWAYS FRAMES HIS
SKETCHES AND HANGS THEM ON THE WALLS.

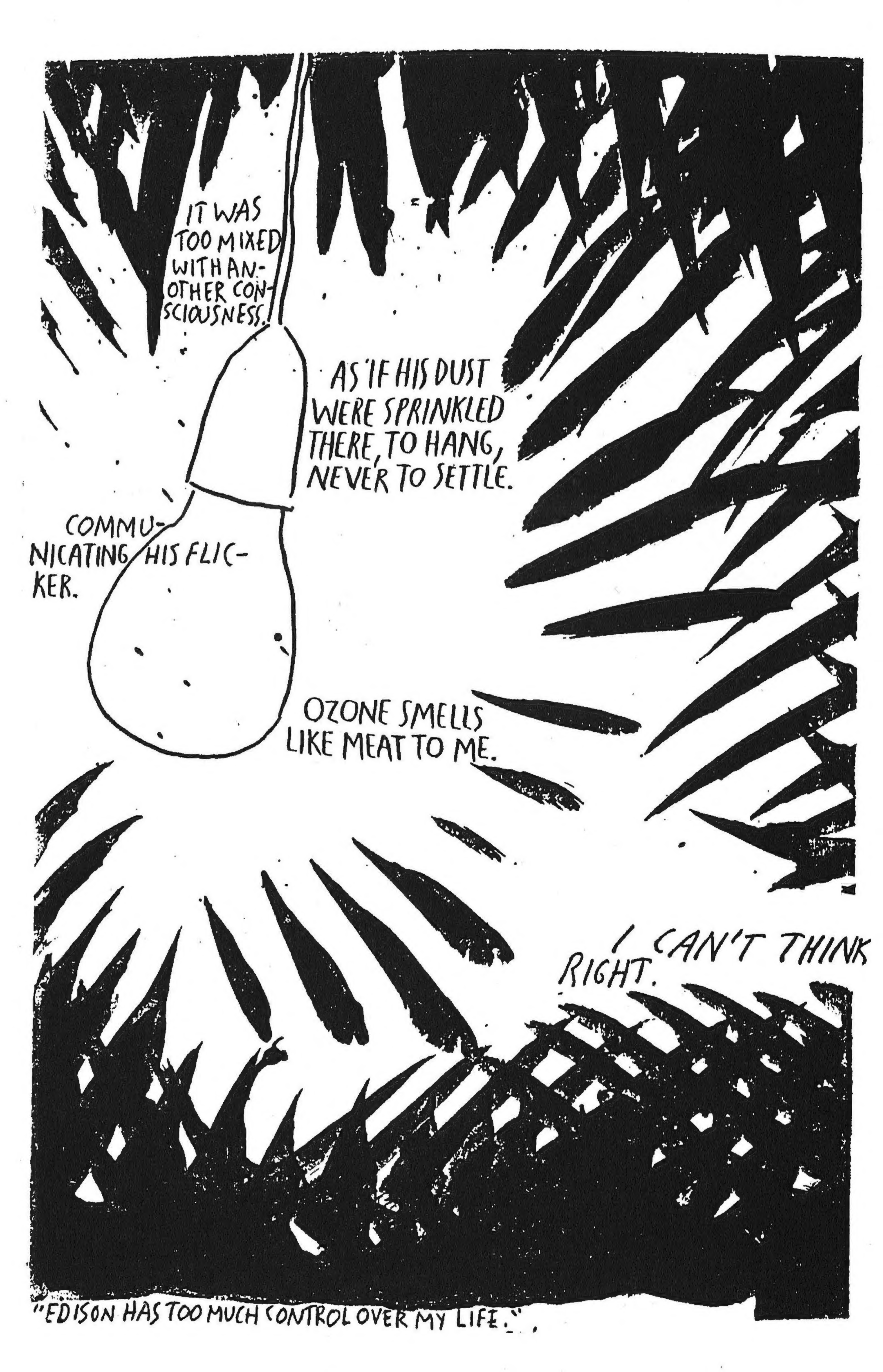
DECODING ROOM

PRIVATE





A MUSKY SMELL, ALL
ANIMAL, IT FILLS MY
NOSTRILS AND IGNITES
IDEAS.



IT WAS
TOO MIXED
WITH AN-
OTHER CON-
SCIOUSNESS.

AS IF HIS DUST
WERE SPRINKLED
THERE, TO HANG,
NEVER TO SETTLE.

COMMU-
NICATING HIS FLIC-
KER.

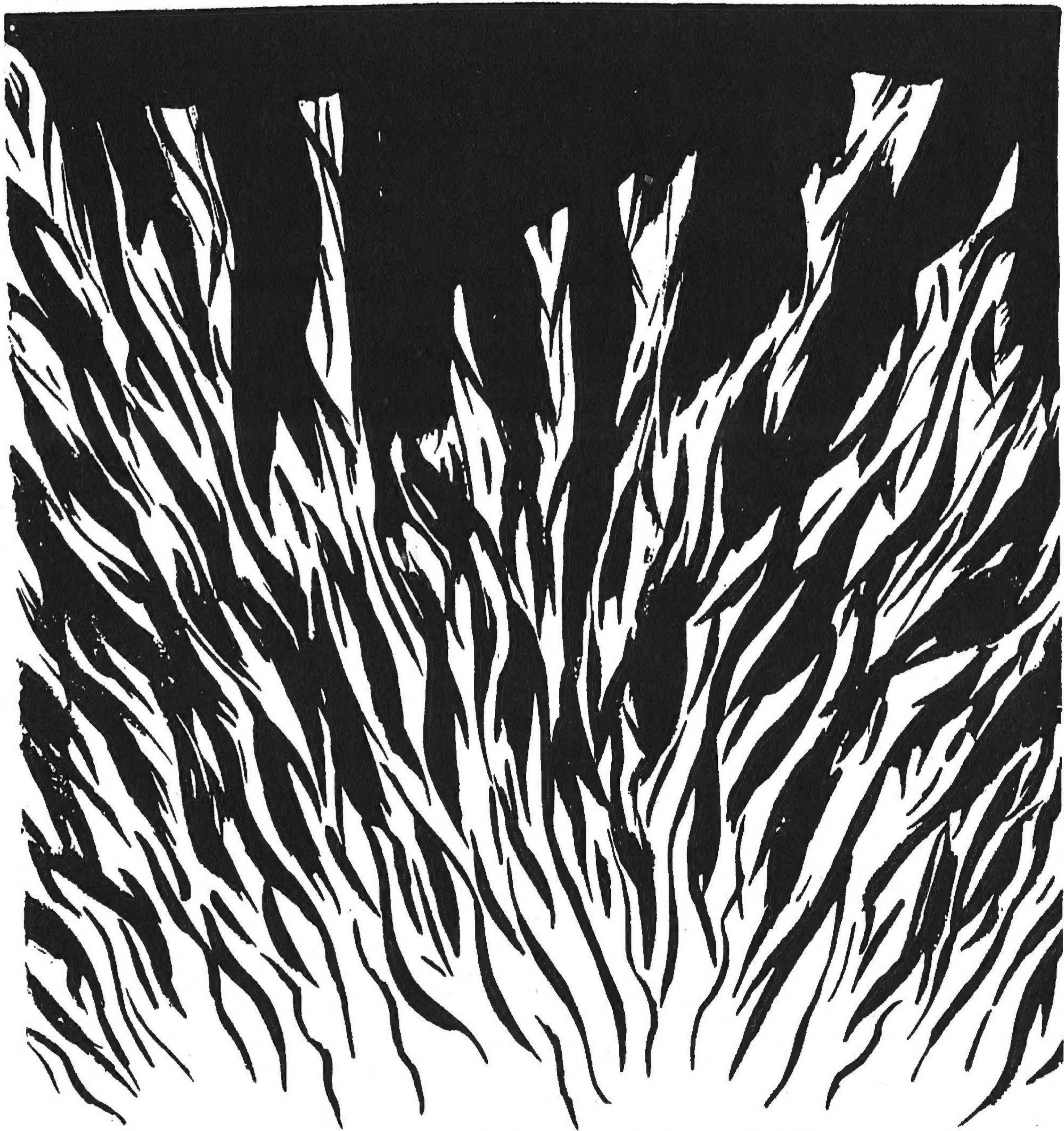
OZONE SMELLS
LIKE MEAT TO ME.

I CAN'T THINK
RIGHT.

"EDISON HAS TOO MUCH CONTROL OVER MY LIFE."



COULD I LOVE HER ?



THE PERFECTIONS OF FORM ARE SACRIFICED TO
THE FIRE.

IF THERE IS ONE SPECTACLE THAT PLEASES ME BETTER THAN
THE REFLECTION OF MY OWN FACE IT IS THAT OF THE BACK OF
MY HEAD.



GUNNING IT FOR HER.

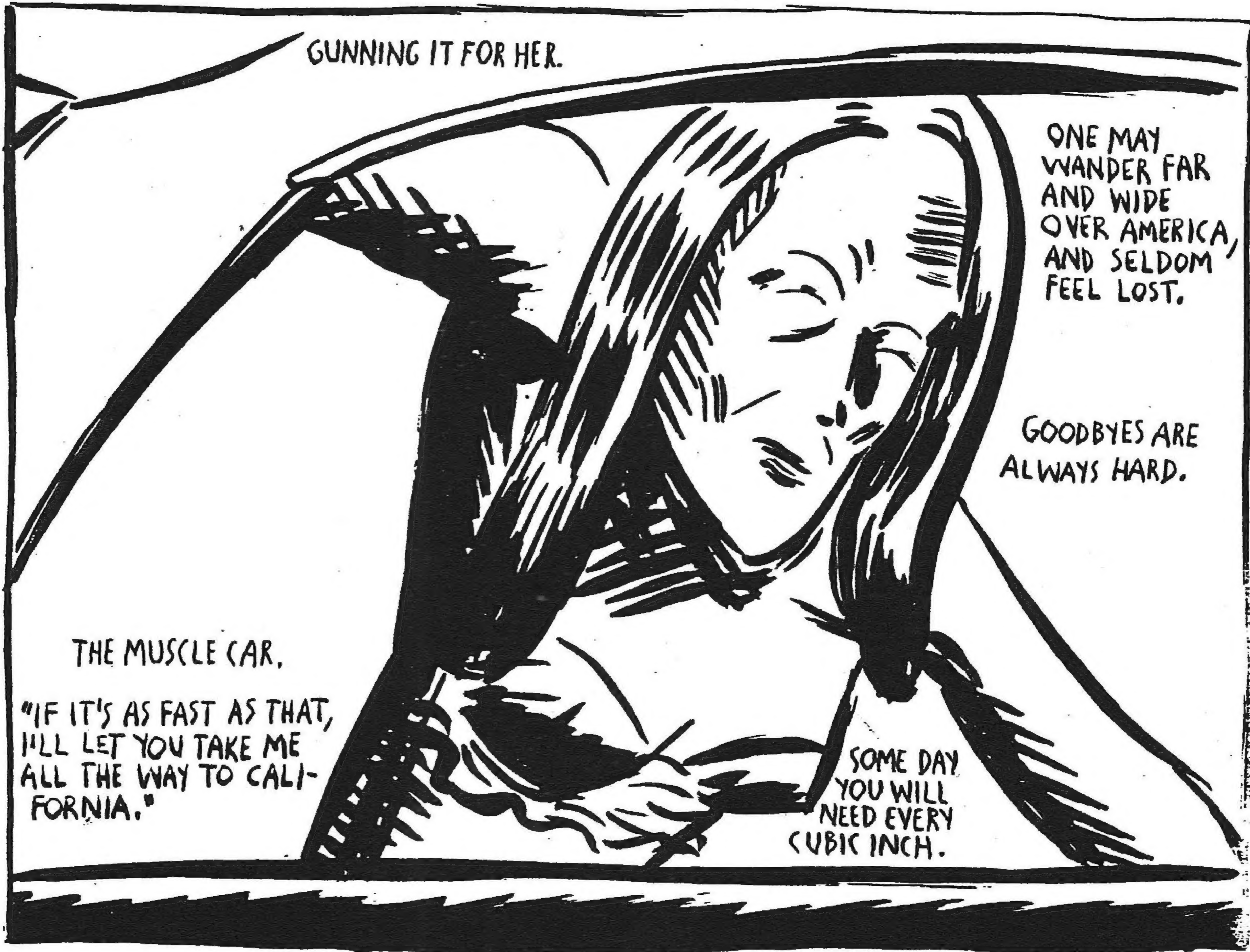
ONE MAY
WANDER FAR
AND WIDE
OVER AMERICA,
AND SELDOM
FEEL LOST.

GOODBYES ARE
ALWAYS HARD.

THE MUSCLE CAR.

"IF IT'S AS FAST AS THAT,
I'LL LET YOU TAKE ME
ALL THE WAY TO CALI-
FORNIA."

SOME DAY
YOU WILL
NEED EVERY
CUBIC INCH.



It was for
bottomless.

As
those
it is

the instant

for the fruit
that are with-
peace.

towards
in,

Take up the
image.

As an eclipse of the moon.

At this, with
of joy, I

a moan
enfolded.

It stood
there in the
center of our
family life.



THE COLOR RUSHED TO
MY FACE.



BRINGING GOOSE-PIMPLES
TO HER FACE.



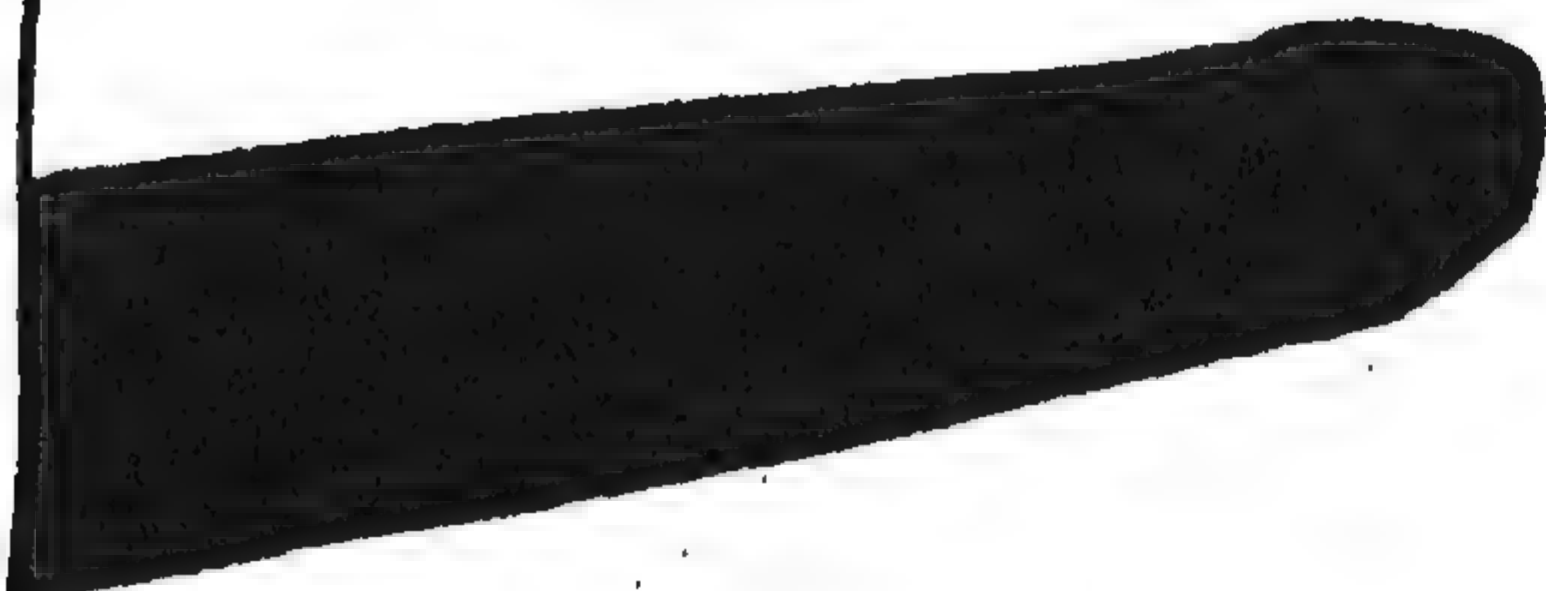
I CHECK MYSELF, DELAY MY
STEPS, POSTPONE THE MOMENT
OF HAPPINESS, OF THAT HAPPINESS
WHICH ALL ABOUT ME IMPERILS.



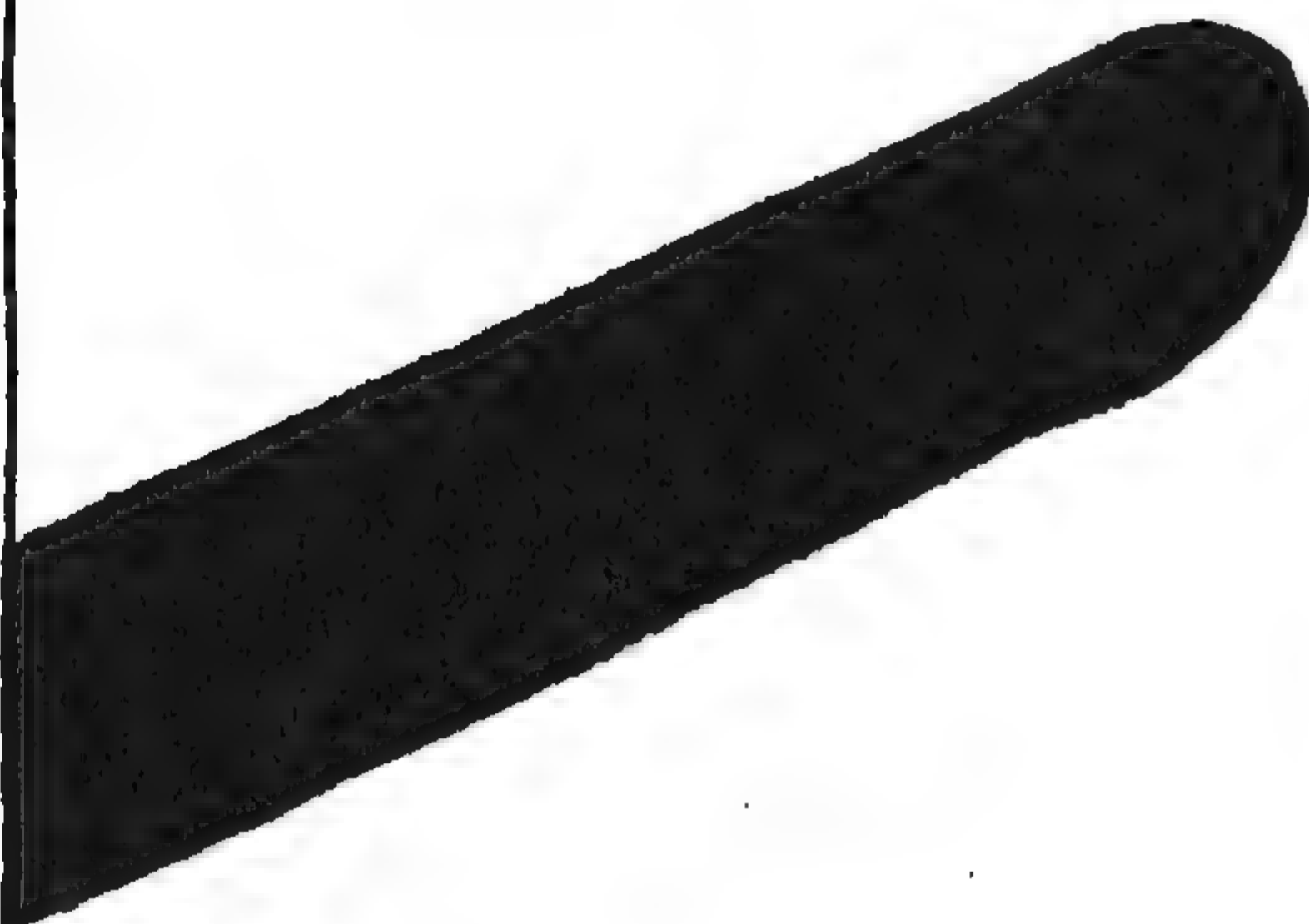
I APPROACH YOU LIKE A CUL-
PRIT ASKING PARDON FROM
EVERY OBJECT THAT MEETS MY
EYE.



WOULD SHE PREFER A SNAKE
IN HER BED ?

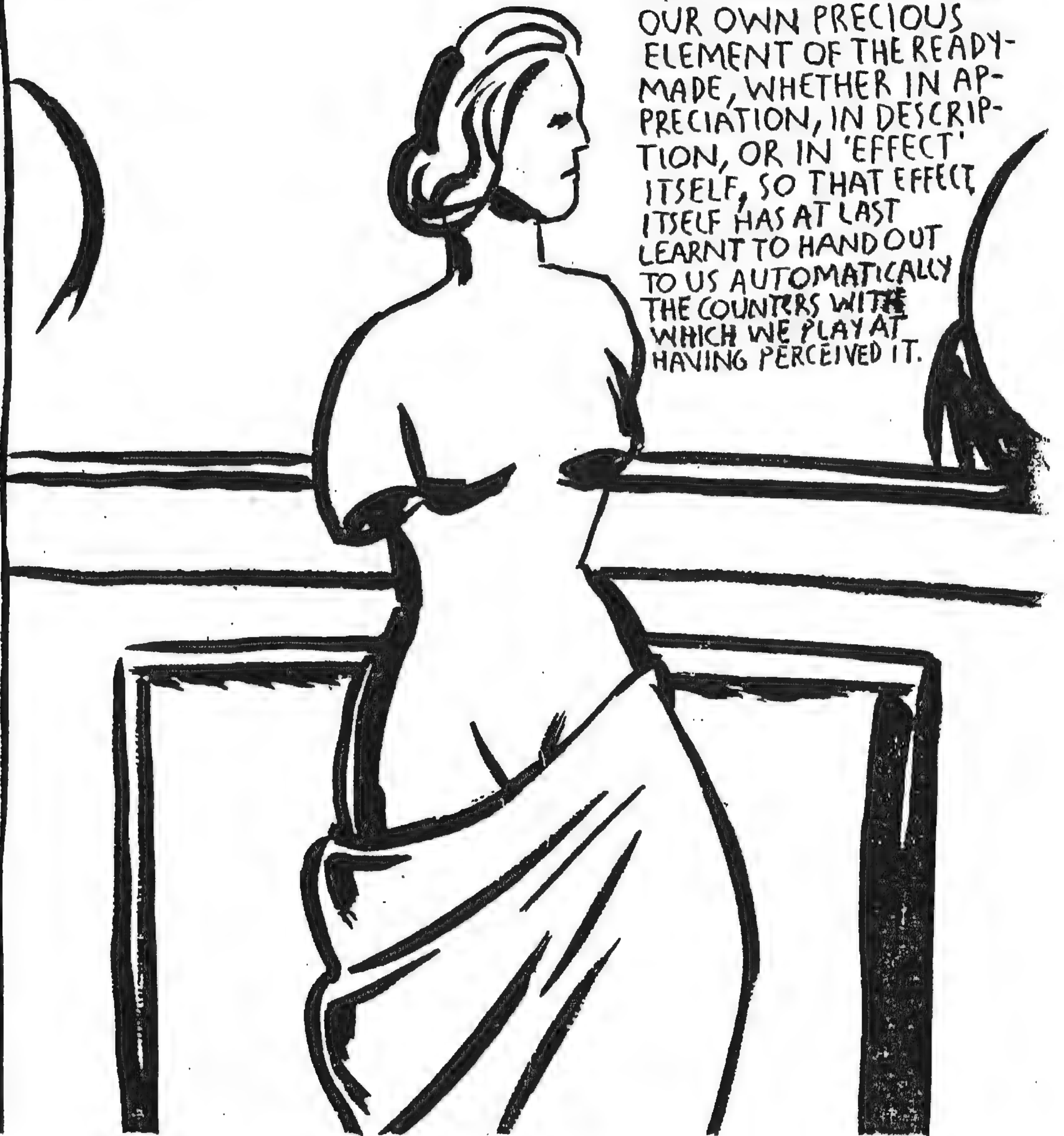


I WAS ONLY WAITING FOR
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A
FINAL RUPTURE.



JERK ME.

WHAT WAS ABSENT WAS
OUR OWN PRECIOUS
ELEMENT OF THE READY-
MADE, WHETHER IN AP-
PRECIATION, IN DESCRIP-
TION, OR IN 'EFFECT'
ITSELF, SO THAT EFFECT
ITSELF HAS AT LAST
LEARNT TO HAND OUT
TO US AUTOMATICALLY
THE COUNTERS WITH
WHICH WE PLAY AT
HAVING PERCEIVED IT.



"THIS MUST BE PAINTED!"



Upon this background a
moral suddenly
impinges. But the
thing is a futility.

SUNSETS GOING
NOWHERE.

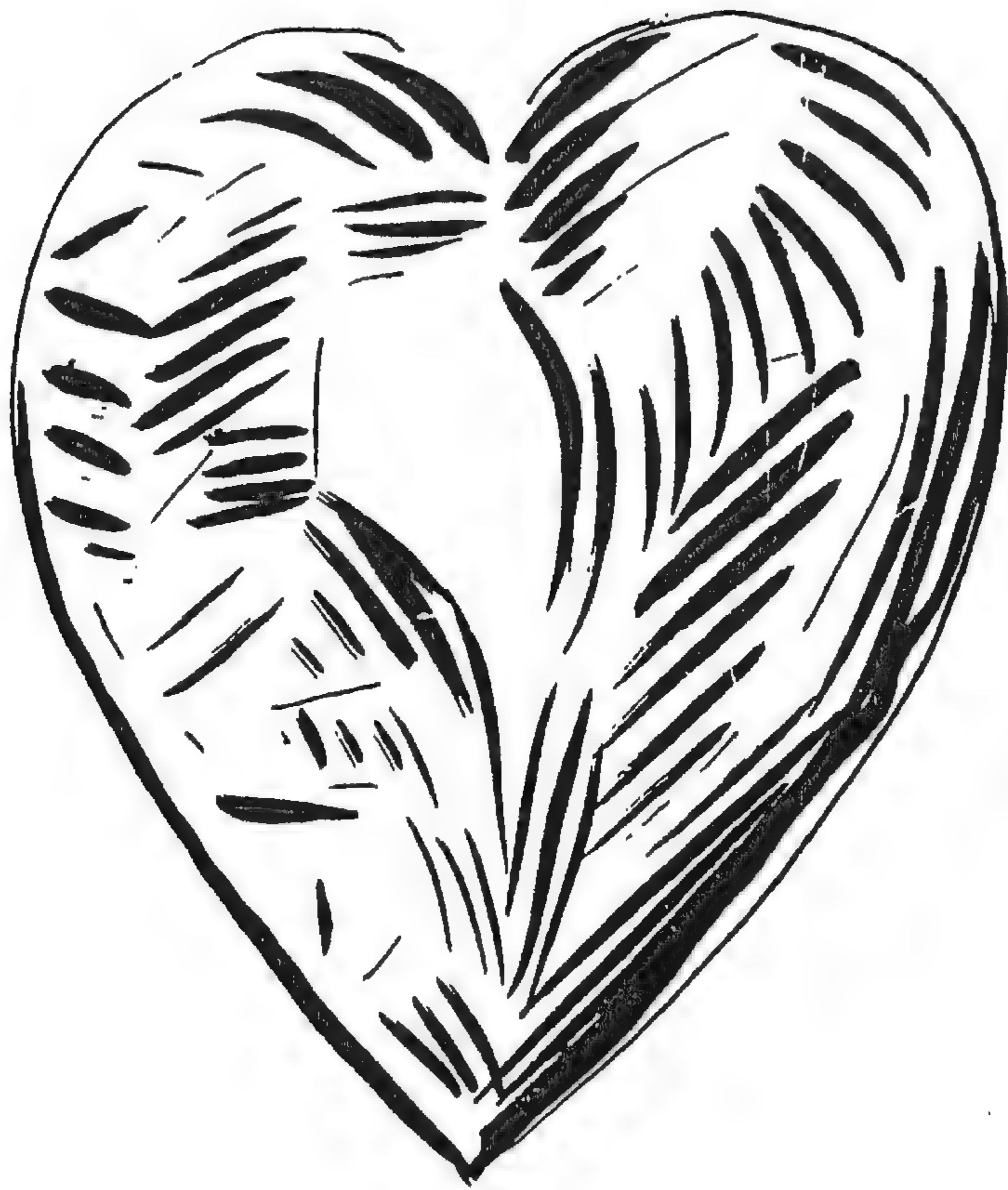
WE NEED A CORTEZ.



Even in sleep I resist
the attractions of
these images.



With all the blushes of adulterous
love.





THE WALLS WERE COVERED WITH MIRRORS.

I LEARNED HOW TO DIE IN A BOOK.





YES ; BUT, ALAS, ALL THE BLUE SKY IS REPAINTED.

BY RESTORATION THERE IS NO SAYING HOW
MUCH YOU HAVE LOST.



THE LEFT WAS LARGE AND WATERY, AND IT CONTINUALLY
WAVERED AND BLINKED WITH A FLICKER OF LASH;
BUT THE RIGHT WAS SMALLER, HARDER, STEADIER,
AND OF A MORE CONCENTRATED INK. OUT OF THIS
EYE HE WATCHED YOU.